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The Adventures of UNCLE WIGGILY

by Howard R. Green

Uncle Wiggily was a nice old gentleman rabbit who lived in Lettuce Lane. One bright Spring morning he tried to nimble out of bed to see if the trees were starting to bud, and found his rheumatism was so bad it was all he could do to make his way to his favorite chair in the sun.

Oh, ouch! Oh, dear me and a potato pancake! I'll certainly have to do something about this rheumatism!

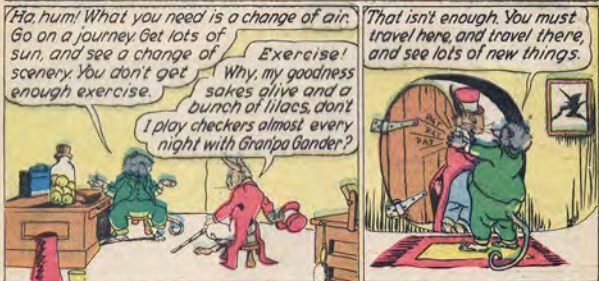
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Uncle Wiggily, you had better see Dr. Possum about that rheumatism. It seems to be getting worse and worse.

That is an excellent idea, Nurse Jane. I'll go this minute!

So Uncle Wiggily hobbled off down the road to see the good doctor.

Oh, my, this rheumatism! Oh, goodness me and a chocolate cupcake!



And he twirled his cane like a drum major and hopped as gaily as possible down the path.



Before long the sun grew warmer and warmer and Uncle Wiggily began to feel hungry.

My, my, how very tempting it looks!



It does indeed!

What? My goodness and a fat bumble bee! Who's that?



Well, hello—who are you?



Well, I do declare!



My gracious sakes and a new spring bonnet!



There, is that worth something to eat?

Indeed it is! But I'd have given you something without your doing all those tricks.



Where did you learn those wonderful flip-flops?

Oh, in the circus where I used to work. I always had to do tricks for my dinner.



And what is your name?

My name's Fido Flip-Flop. That's because I do so many of them.



I am out to find a cure for my rheumatism.

And I'm out to seek my fortune. Suppose we travel together.



That's just what we'll do!



And as the two friends made their way down the road, a new idea came to Uncle Wiggily.

My stars and garters! Why didn't I think of it before? Do you suppose if you taught me the flip-flops it might cure my rheumatism?



That looks easy enough! Now I'll try.



My goodness, it's harder than it looks.

Indeed it is! Come, try again.



Who knows? It might. Here, do this, Uncle Wiggily.



What did I do wrong?

Just about everything. Try again.



And so all morning Uncle Wiggily tried to learn the flip-flops. But instead of getting better he got worse and worse. Finally he gave up in despair.

I'm very much afraid I'll never learn to do flip-flops.

Yes, it looks like we'll have to find another cure for your rheumatism.



And so, off they started once more.
Up hills, down dales, and along
the woods. Suddenly Fido Flip-
Flop stopped.

Hush, do you hear someone crying,
Uncle Wiggily?

Land sakes, and a
basket of soap bubbles,
it must be a giant,
it sounds so loud!



Hey, look what's here, Uncle Wiggily!



Well, sakes alive, who are you, and
what are you crying for?

Just look at all the puddles you've
made around you!



Boo-hoo! I've lost
my mother!

My goodness, that's
serious! Perhaps we
can help you find her!

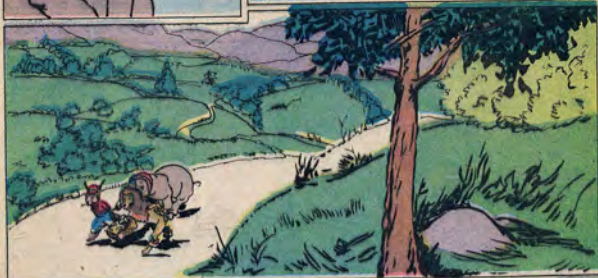


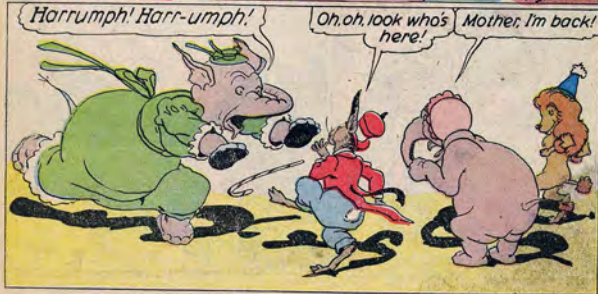
Well, my goodness, if you want us to
help you, you must stop crying so hard,
or you'll make my rheumatism worse.
Now come along and we'll see
what we can do.



Come now, you mustn't be such a cry baby. Blow your nose!

So, with the little elephant trailing behind them, they started off in search of his mother.





My son, where have you been?



This is Uncle Wiggily and Fido Flip-Flop. They found me and brought me here.

For that, my friends, I shall let you ride upon my back in the big parade. Would you like that?

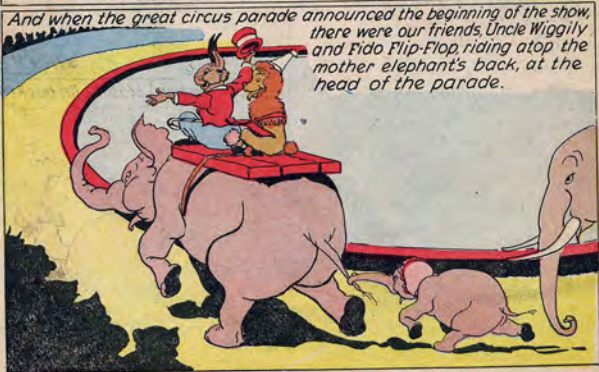


Madam, I can think of nothing which would give me greater pleasure!

And I can do my flip-flops!



And when the great circus parade announced the beginning of the show, there were our friends, Uncle Wiggily and Fido Flip-Flop, riding atop the mother elephant's back, at the head of the parade.



Around the ring they circled, with trumpets blaring and Fido doing his tricks for the crowd. Suddenly—

'Help! I'm falling!'



Oh my, here I go!



Oh, my goodness!
What is going to
happen now?



Oh dear! I don't dare look
down. I shall have to let go.



Here I go!



What, again?



My goodness, his rheumatism can't be bothering him now. Look at those beautiful flip-flops! They're better than mine!



Oh, Uncle Wiggily, you were wonderful! Say, those were perfect flip-flops you were doing there!

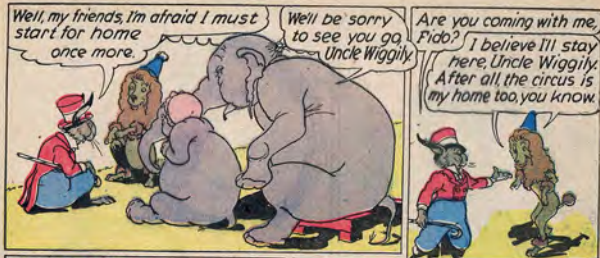


And that's exactly what happened. Uncle Wiggily was so busy trying to get back on the ground he had completely forgotten about his rheumatism.



My, my, maybe I should have been a circus performer.





So, after fond farewells to his friends, Uncle Wiggily started back through the hills toward Lettuce Lane.



Ah me, it is good to return home after seeing the wonders of the world.



Ah, the wanderer returns! And how is your rheumatism?

Why, my gracious sakes and a new pot of honey! I had forgotten all about it!



Yes, sir, there's nothing like the flip-flops to cure a bad case of rheumatism.



HECTOR The Henpecked Rooster

© 1966
by FAMOUS
Studios

NO, FELLERS, I DONT THINK
I'LL PLAY CHECKERS WITH
YOU TONIGHT... I'VE DE-
CIDED TO STAY HOME
AN READ A GOOD
BOOK, HEH, HEH!

ALL RIGHT, IF YOU'RE
THROUGH MAKING YOUR
FAREWELL SPEECH, YOU CAN
TAKE THIS BROOM AND IM-
PROVE THE DINING ROOM FLOOR!

YOU KNOW THERE'S
NOTHING LIKE A GOOD
BOOK TO IMPROVE
THE MIND--ER--SO LONG,
FELLERS!

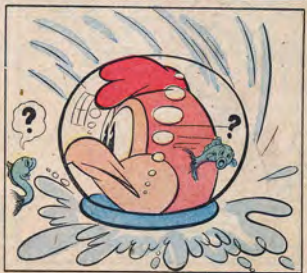
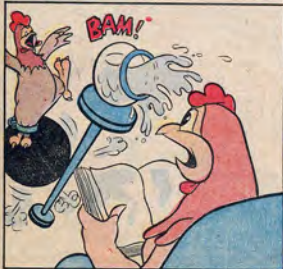
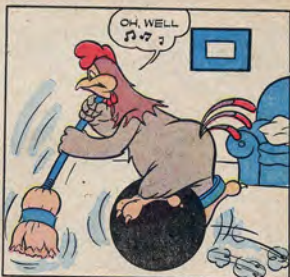
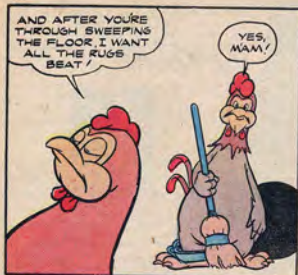
SO LONG!

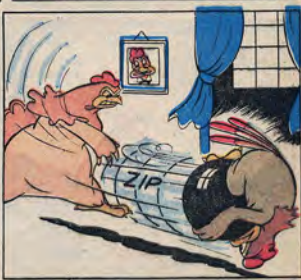
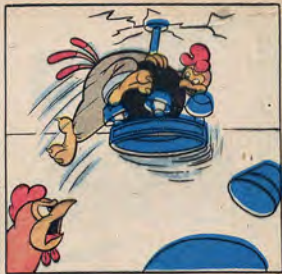
DONT YOU THINK I'LL GET
IT DONE QUICKER, DEAR, IF
YOU TAKE THIS BALL AND
CHAIN OFF MY LEG?

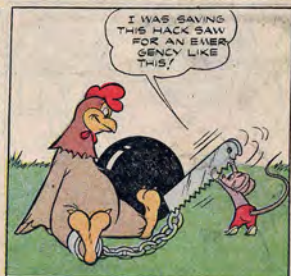
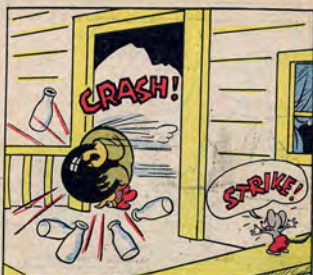
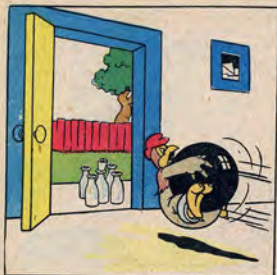
YOU DONT HAVE TO GET
IT DONE QUICK
YOU'RE NOT
GOING ANY-
WHERE!

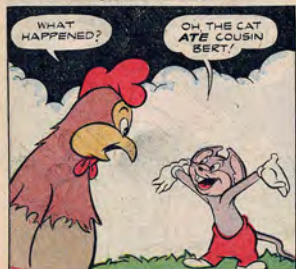
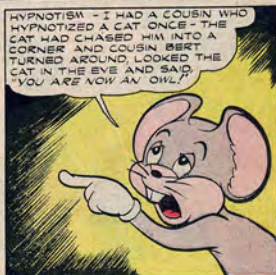
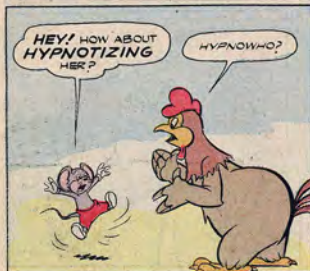
YES, DEAR! ER--
I MEAN NO,
DEAR!

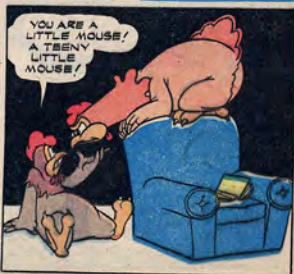
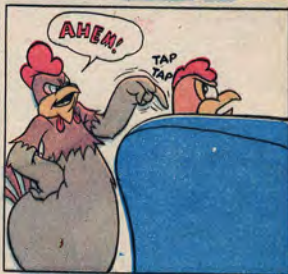
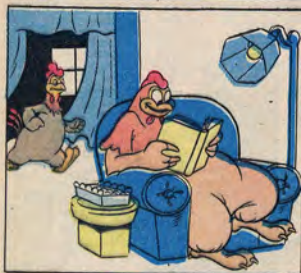
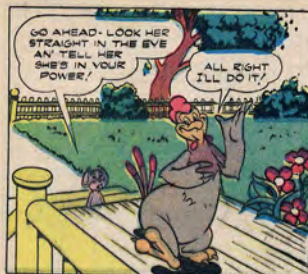
AND I DONT WANT
ANY BACK TALK!

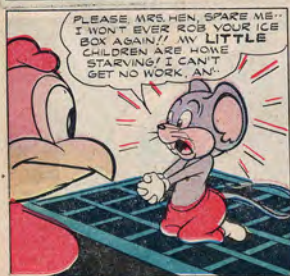
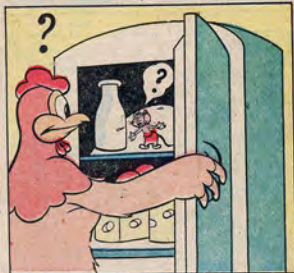
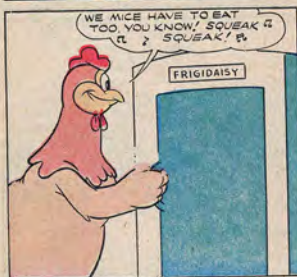
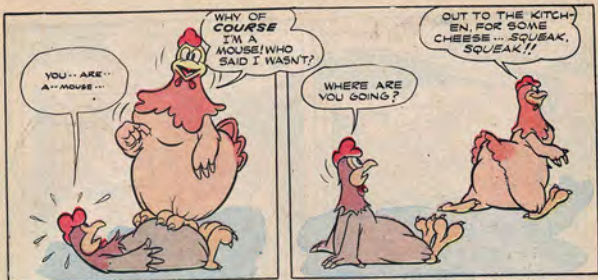


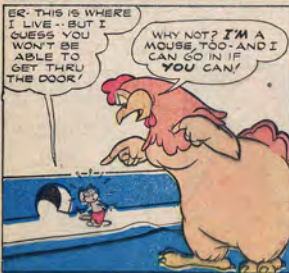
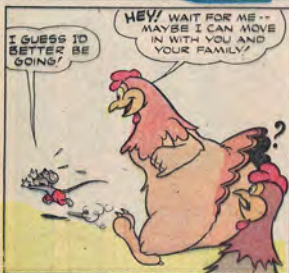
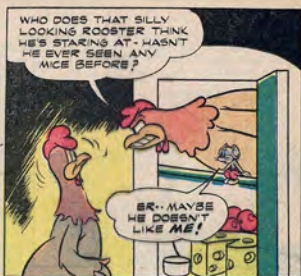


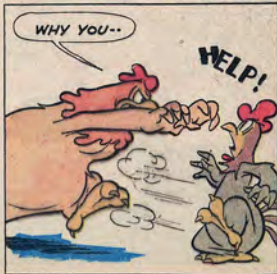
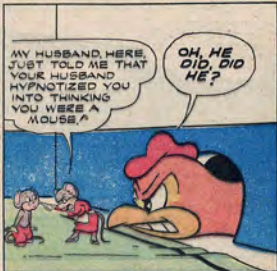
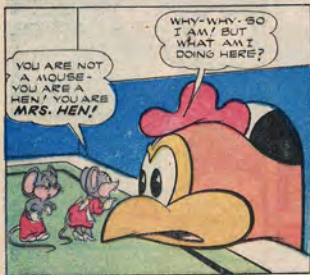
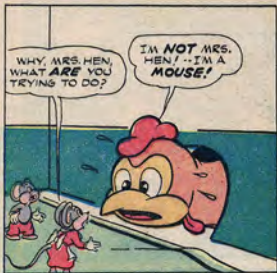
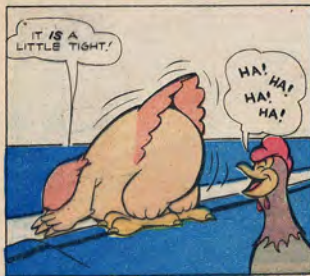














Little Peter Penguin stood at the edge of the ice floe and looked down into the water. It was deep blue, with pieces of ice floating about in it. Peter couldn't see the bottom.

"It's too deep," he complained to his mother, standing near by.

"Of course it's deep," she said. "How could you learn to swim if it wasn't deep?"

But Peter looked again at the water and shook his head.

"I don't want to go in here," he said. "Let's find a place where it's shallower."

His mother shook her head sadly, and said, "Well, come along then. I know of a place."

And they walked along the edge of the ice floe until they came to a shallow spot.

"Now, surely you can't object to this," Mother Penguin said.

Peter cautiously dipped one toe in the water. Then he shivered and pulled his foot back.

"It's cold," he complained.

"Of course it's cold. But you'll get used to it. Just hold your nose and plunge right in."

But Peter took another look at the cold ice-flecked water about him and shivered again.

"I don't think I want to learn to swim," he said.

"Not learn to swim!" gasped his moth-

er. "Whoever heard of a penguin not knowing how to swim! Why, it's... it's... disgraceful, that's what it is. What would the rest of the penguin colony say if they heard you say that?"

"Well, can't I learn where it's a little warmer?"

Mother Penguin looked at him even more sadly. "I suppose so," she said.

"Come along."

So once more they walked across the ice floe until they came to a little pool, carefully shielded from the brisk winds and warmed by the sun. It was shallow and pleasant, and Mother Penguin said:

"Now here. This is the best place I know, so dive in."

But Peter was not quite that brave. Again he dipped his foot into the water, and quickly pulled it out again.

"Now what's the matter?" said his mother.

Peter looked at her unhappily. "It's wet."





"Wet! Of course it's wet! You didn't think it would be dry, did you? Now you get right into that water, and let's not have any more nonsense." The mother grasped him by the tail and pulled him to the edge of the pool. But Peter wriggled out of her grasp, and sped off across the snow.

"I don't think I want to learn to swim," he called back as he disappeared from sight. Mrs. Penguin gave up in disgust and walked slowly back across the ice floe. Something would have to be done about Peter. He was really getting out of hand.

"Good morning, madam," a deep bass voice greeted her as she walked along. "It's a nice day for penguins, isn't it?"

"Well, it's Mr. Sea-lion. How do you do?" And she walked over to where the huge creature sat sunning himself on an iceberg. "I was so busy thinking about Peter I didn't see you."

"Peter? What's happened to Peter?"

"Nothing. That's just the trouble. I simply can't get him to learn to swim. I've tried everything, and nothing works."

Mr. Sea-lion shook his head in wonder.



"Tsk, ts, ts, that is bad. Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Well," answered Mother Penguin, "you might hold him while I give him a good spanking."

Mr. Sea-lion threw back his head and roared a deep laugh. "I'll be glad to oblige, Mrs. Penguin. But that still won't teach him how to swim. Now, what do you say to this idea?" And he and Mrs. Penguin walked off across the ice floe, talking very quietly, heads together.

The next day Peter was very much surprised to find that his mother didn't mention his learning how to swim again. At first he was suspicious, but then he decided that she had finally given up hopes of teaching him, and he went happily off to find a big iceberg on which to play.

He was soon so busily engaged in playing catch with a snowball that he didn't see Mr. Sea-lion and his mother watching from behind a peak.

"Now's your chance, Mr. Sea-lion," whispered Mother Penguin, and Mr. Sea-lion, when Peter's back was turned, quickly broke loose the small point of ice on which Peter was standing. Then Mr. Sea-lion ran back behind the peak before Peter could see him.

It happened so quickly that Peter was amazed to find himself floating off from the mainland. He ran back and forth on the small piece of ice upon which he was standing, calling for help, but there was not a soul in sight. He was stranded on this small island, which was rapidly melting, and he was being carried farther and farther away from the mainland.

Mrs. Penguin and Mr. Sea-lion watched anxiously from the shore.

"I do believe it is going to work, Mrs.

Penguin," said Mr. Sea-lion. "He will have to jump into the water if he wants to get back home."

"Oh dear, I hope so," said Mrs. Penguin, wringing her hands. "But suppose he doesn't? How will we rescue him?"

"I'll take care of that, Mrs. Penguin," said Mr. Sea-lion. "I can swim out there in two shakes of a polar bear's tail and get him. Don't worry."

Suddenly Mrs. Penguin pointed at Peter.

"Look!" she cried excitedly. "I do believe he is going to jump into the water."

And sure enough, Peter was poised on the edge of the rapidly diminishing ice block, as if to dive into the water. Mrs. Penguin and Mr. Sea-lion held their breath with excitement, waiting for Peter to dive.

Then to their amazement he skipped nimbly off the ice block to another one floating near by, and from that to another. And before either of them could say a word he had hopped from one piece of ice to another until he had landed on the big ice floe on which he made his home.

Mrs. Penguin and Mr. Sea-lion were speechless. And as Peter trotted happily off, without even seeing them, they quickly put their heads together again.

So it was that the very next day the occupants of the ice floe gathered together a huge lunch basket and set off for a picnic. Everyone was present, the Sea gull family led the way, flying overhead and calling down suggestions as to where they



should lunch, the huge penguin colony, Peter and Mrs. Penguin included, all the sea lions headed by Mr. Sea-lion, and several albatross who had flown over from a neighboring iceberg when they heard about the picnic.

It was a lovely day; the sun shone clear and cold, sparkling on the huge peaks and crags of the icebergs about them, and Peter felt very pleased with himself because his mother had not said one word about his swimming, or rather his not swimming. He trotted along with the other penguin children, playing tag, and chasing in and out among the grownups.

Soon the party halted on the highest peak of the ice floe. It was a sheer drop to the sea below, and the view was lovely, but Peter wondered why they had climbed so high. All too soon he was to find out. As the members of the group settled themselves among the nooks and crannies, and spread out their lunch baskets, Peter wandered off from his mother to admire the view. Soon he was joined by Mr. Sea-lion.

"Why, Mr. Sea-lion," said Peter. "Aren't you going to have any lunch?"

"Why, no, that is, I didn't bring any with me. I thought I'd get my lunch here." And Mr. Sea-lion looked Peter over carefully.

Peter looked at him suspiciously. "Get your lunch here? You mean fish for it?"

"No. Not exactly."





Peter began to worry a little. "Well, what do you eat that you can get here?"

Mr. Sea-lion pinched Peter's fat cheeks. "Why, little penguins, mostly. Most delicious."

Peter jumped back in alarm. Penguins! My goodness, this was something he had never been warned about by his mother. He took one look at Mr. Sea-lion, who was coming dangerously close, and took to his heels. The rest of the party was out of ear-shot, and there was nothing he could do but run. Round and round the top of the ice floe he ran, the huge sea lion close on his heels. He grew more and more tired, and he could hear the sea lion muttering to himself as he ran, "M-m-m! Nice fat penguin. Delicious!"

Peter managed a burst of speed, and dashed around a corner. Then he came to a quick stop. There in front of him was the edge of the peak. It was a steep drop to the sea below, but the sea lion was almost upon him. There was nothing for him to do but go forward. Then suddenly he heard a dozen voices calling out to him, and he looked around. There, watching him from behind the peaks and crags of the ice floe, were the rest of the animals. "Jump, Peter, jump!" they called excitedly, and with one quick glance behind him, Peter shut his eyes, held his nose, and jumped.

He felt as if he were falling forever, and then suddenly, he landed in the water with a terrific splash. When he came spluttering to the surface, he began to move his arms and feet in a frantic effort to keep himself afloat, and suddenly . . . he couldn't believe it! He was actually swimming. And it was fun! Why, the water wasn't cold at all, and he didn't even notice the wetness after a while. He turned over on his back and floated, and to his surprise he found he had an audience.

Peeking over the edge of the crag from which he had jumped was the whole group of picnickers. Sea gulls flew overhead, calling down congratulations to him, and the whole penguin colony jumped up and down for joy at his achievement. Then Peter blinked his eyes with amazement, for there, shaking hands with Mrs. Penguin, was Mr. Sea-lion himself.

"Thank you, Mr. Sea-lion, for your help," Peter could hear his mother saying. "I knew it would take something drastic to make Peter learn to swim. Your plan worked perfectly."

Peter could hardly believe his ears. Mr. Sea-lion, whom he had thought was planning to eat him for lunch, had really taught him to swim.

Peter flipped his tail up into the air and dove down into the cool depths of the water.

"Humph," he said to himself, as he came back up to the surface. "That old Mr. Sea-lion didn't frighten me. I was going to jump into the water then anyhow."

But now, what do you think? Do you suppose he was?



Ahem! Did I hear someone?

It's me--- little Joey Jackal. If you've **QUITE** finished---

LITTLE BROTHER TO THE KING



At the edge of the African Valdt, King Leo, the Lion, has just dined on antelope steak.

What? A measly little Jackal dares to speak to the King of Beasts!



Just let me have one bone, and I won't let anyone else touch your meat!



Mmmmm! What a lovely bone! King Leo certainly is generous!

Heh, heh, heh!



Stay away from those bones, you dirty robbers! Now how about starting with Joey's nut-ho-nee!

Leo didn't give them to you! Don't tell me he gave them to a crack nuts with Jackal!



Yeh! Just try it and see what you get!



Why you sassy little--
--Yeok!!--



Ee-yike! My leg!

Heh-heh!

Umph!

Ow!



'Smatter, you big blowhards---Tired of cracking nuts?

Just wait till we catch you!

We'll skin you alive!



Grrrr. You can't get away from us!

I'm afraid they're right!



The swamp's just ahead!
If I can make it-putt-putt-



--maybe I can tool 'em!

One more jump and I've gotcha!



They're coming too
fast to stop!



--and now they're
sunk!

Look out! It's
mud! Ee-yow!



Phooey!



Ya-ha-ha-ha- three nuts in the
soup- and I hope you stay!



I'll go back and pick up those
bones they dropped!



Here's one fit for a
king!



I'll take it to Leo to chew
on if he's hungry after
his nap.



z-z-z-z-z-z-z

Zoom-zing
Zippeee...

Oh, my ears and
tail! Horseflies
on the warpath!





Grr-rrowr! Beat it, you flea-bitten baboons!

Yeek! It's Leo himself! Run!



How does that water taste, Your Majesty?

It has a slight flavor of baboon, but it's not bad--



I'm off to find my girl-friend, Princess Leona and bring her here for a picnic. So long, Joey!

Au revoir, Your Majesty.



Leo is the finest, bravest, kindest person I know--I'm proud to drink after him.



Ah-hum! I guess I'll take a little snooze myself, here in the shade, while Leo's gone!



Psssst! The little beggar is asleep!

Swell! Let's catch him and have some fun.



Sh-h-h-h-h-h!

Heh heh!



YIPE! Ki-yi!

Whoopee! Bring a rock to hold his tail down.



Ugh! Push! Easy now- Ki-yi! Oooh! that'll hold him! Your hurting my tail!



Please lemme go! Take that rock off! Oo-oo-hoo-hoo!



Hee-hee! Listen to the lion's little brother!

If he's a lion, why doesn't he roar?



Say! Now that we've caught the little brother, let's catch the BIG brother too?

Hot stuff! Zowie!! We'll use his skin for a rug!



You'll never catch Leo-- he'll chew you up and spit you out!

We won't have a chance. We're going to trap him and you're going to help!



ME help catch LEO? NEVER!

Yes, you will--when he comes back you scream for help--when he stops here we'll roll a big rock on him!



If you warn him we'll roll the rocks down on YOU--see!

No-no-I'll do it--I can't help myself!



Okay--let's go! We'll send a message to Leo that Joey Jackal's in trouble!

Whoopee! That'll bring him! We'll get his skin!

Yeah? Not if I can help it!



Hi, Leo! Joey Jackal's caught! What? under a big rock-- Come and push it off!



Come on, Leona-
we'll see whether
that baboon is
telling the truth.

Be care-
ful, Leo.
they're full
of tricks!

Joey! You ARE
caught! I'll
help...

Stop! It's a trap for
you, Leo-the baboons
are waiting to
roll rocks

AR-ROWE!

I see them-
up on that
ledge!

Ya-a-a-ah!
Hit that
jackal!

-He double-
crossed us!

We'll
fix
him!

Yippee! I
sure fooled
those baboons.

Oh, my
tail's free.

ARAGH! You
apes! I'll settle
your hash!

GR-ROW And I'll
take the
leavings!

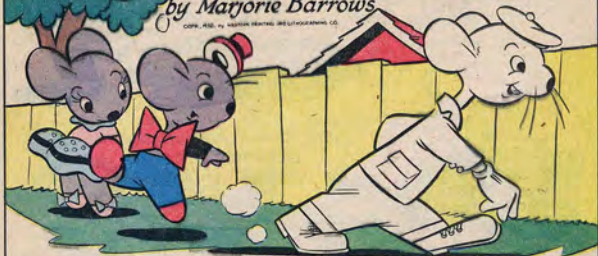
Quick!
Up the
trees be-
fore they
catch us!



MUGGINS MOUSE

by Marjorie Barrows

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One morning little Muggins Mouse
Passed by a big white rat.
He stared and stared at him and said,
"I'd like to look like that."



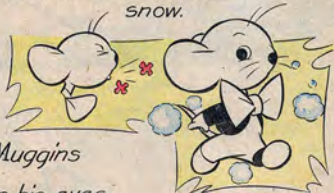
So he told his friend, Susy,
And sighed a little sigh,
"I'll make you white," she
said to him,
And winked her
nearest eye.



So Susy dipped
him in a pond,
(The pond was
wet you know.)



And rolled him in some
powder, then----
He was as white as
snow.



"Ika-chew!" cried Muggins
wiping off
The powder from his eyes,
"Thanks! now I'm white, I guess I'll go
And take some exercise."



He twirled his whiskers proudly
And started for a walk,
A rooster took one look at him
And then began to squawk.



"What silly creature have we here?"

He cackled to his son.

"I do not know, Papa," he clucked,

"Let's see if it can run."



And so they chased poor Muggins

And after them come others--

A puppy and a duck and goose

And all their ounts and brothers.



They chased him 'round the henhouse,

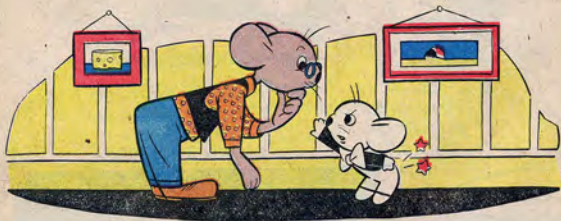
They chased him 'round a pole;

They chased him through the garden and

Then chased him to his hole.



At home his daddy spanked him
 Until the powder flew.
 "You can't break in my house," he cried,
 "A strange white mouse like you."



"Stop, Daddy, stop!" squeaked
 Muggins Mouse,
 "I am your son, turned
 white!"

His Daddy looked and
 looked at him
 And said, "Perhaps
 you're right!"



His mother also
stared at him
And then she
gave a cry
And after that she
scrubbed him
out
And hung him up
to dry.



Our Muggins went to bed
that night
As meek as any lamb,
"I guess that after this,"
he said,
"I'll just stay as I am!"

BLACKIE

IN
HOW TO OUTSMART
A WOLF

COND. FAMOUS
1944 Studios

BELIEVE ME, IT PAYS
TO HAVE A LIBRARY!

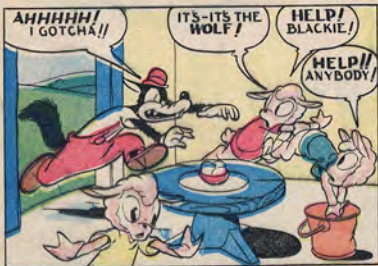


AHHHHH!
I GOTCHA!!

IT'S-IT'S THE
WOLF!

HELP!
BLACKIE!

HELP!!
ANYBODY!



-I GOT THE TWO PLUMPEST
ONES. NOW FOR SOME DEE-
LISHUS LAMB STEW,YUM,YUM.



HEY! WHAT'S
THE TROUBLE?

OHOOH, BLACKIE!
SOMETHING AWFUL
JUST HAPPENED!

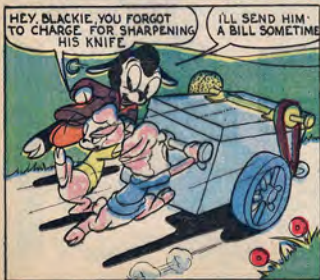
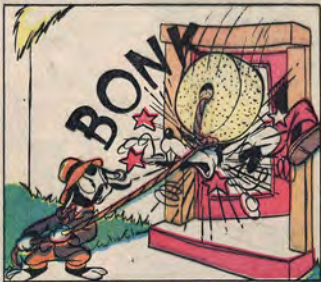
THE WOLF WAS
HERE AN' HE TOOK
TWO OF OUR
BROTHERS AWAY!

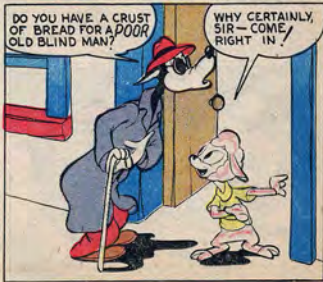
HE-HE SAID HE
WAS GONNA EAT
'EM!!

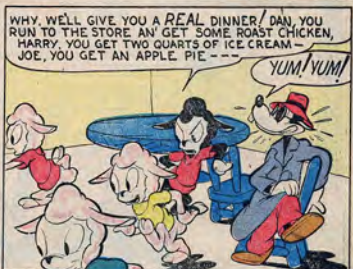






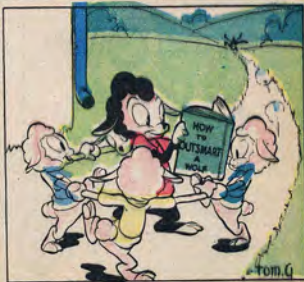












Ginger

NO, GINGER, YOU CAN'T GO TO TOWN WITH MOMMY AND ME. YOU PLAY NEAR THE HOUSE TILL WE COME BACK AND DON'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE.



OH, DEAR, ME IS BORED! ME THINKS ME'LL TAKE A WALK INTO THE WOODS AFTER ALL, A GIRL NEEDS A LITTLE EXCITEMENT.



COLOSSAL! ASTOUNDING! TUMBLING AND ACROBATIC EXHIBITION THIS AFTERNOON FEATURING THE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS FROG BROTHERS

OOH! ACROBATS! THAT'S EXCITING! ME GONNA GO



UP YOU GO!

OOH, HOW WONDERFUL! BUT ME HOPES THAT FROG KNOWS HOW TO CATCH HIM.



BRAVO! BRAVO!

HEY, WHO INVITED YOU HERE, ANYWAY?



BEAT IT, KID!
THIS IS A
REHEARSAL.
NO VISITORS
ALLOWED!

PLEASE, MR. FROG,
MELL' BE VERY
QUIET. ME WON'T
BOTHER YOU A
BIT. PLEASE...?

AW, LET
HER STAY.
SHE'S
PROBABLY
ONE OF
THEM STAGE-
STRUCK KIDS.

O.K. WE'LL LET
YOU STAY, BUT
KEEP OUT OF
THE WAY OR
WE'LL CHANGE
OUR MINDS!

OOH, THANKS!
YOU
WON'T
EVEN
KNOW
ME IS
AROUND.



ALL RIGHT, BOYS.
LET'S TRY THE
GIANT LEAP.
WE'RE A LITTLE
RUSTY ON
THAT ONE.

NOW WHERE'S
A SOFT SPOT
FOR ME
TO SIT?



THIS MAT WILL BE
SWELL TO SIT ON.
IT WAS VERY
NICE OF THE
FROGS TO
BRING IT.



ALL
SET? LET'S
GO!

HERE I
COME!

OH, BOY!
THIS
OUGHT
TO BE
GOOD!



HEY!
WHERE'S
THAT MAT?

OOH, ME
CAN'T
LOOK!





WHO STOLE
THAT MAT?

OH, DID YOU NEED
THIS MAT? ME
THOUGHT IT WAS TO
SIT ON. HERE YOU CAN
HAVE IT BACK.



IT'S TOO LATE
NOW POOR
FERDIE HAS
BRUISED
HISSELF
ALL OVER.

YEAH, HOW
ARE WE
GOING TO
PUT ON
OUR ACT?

MY
CAREER IS
RUINED!



ME SO SORRY!
BUT MAYBE
ME CAN
TAKE
FERDY'S
PLACE.

YOU!
HO-HO!
THAT'S
'A LAUGH!

HA!
HA!
HA!



GO AHEAD,
GIRLIE, TRY
A BACK FLIP

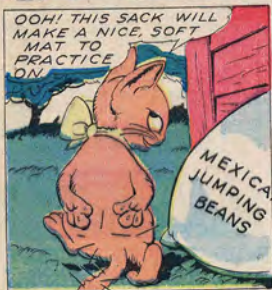
GOSH, ME DONT
EVEN KNOW
WHAT A BACK FLIP
IS, BUT ME TRY
ANYWAY

WAIT A MINUTE, FELLERS.
LET'S GIVE THE KID A
CHANCE. AFTER ALL,
WHAT HAVE WE
GOT TO LOSE? AND
ADDING A WOMAN
TO THE ACT MIGHT
GIVE IT SOME
GLAMOUR



HERE ME GO!
BUT HOW
DO ME LAND?





OUCH! OUCH!
SOMEBODY'S
SHOOTING
AT ME!



GOLLY! WHAT WAS THAT?
IT'S QUIET NOW. ME'LL
GO BACK AND
INVESTIGATE.



MEXICAN
JUMPING BEANS.
WHO'S AFRAID
OF THEM?



OOOPS—WHAT'S THAT?
OH, MY GOO'NESS!
ME SWALLOWED
ONE OF THE
BEANS!



HEY, WHAT'S
HAPPENING? THAT
BEAN MUST
BE JUMPING
INSIDE MY
TUMMY!



WHEE! ME DOING
ALL KINDS OF
TRICKS WITHOUT
EVEN
TRYING.



NOW ME
GONNA SHOW
THOSE FROGS
A THING
OR TWO.





WHERE'S EVERYONE
GOING? THE SHOW
ISN'T OVER
YET.

HEH! HEH!
THAT'S RIGHT.
IT'S JUST
BEGINNING.

SURE, IT'S
JUST BEGIN-
OOH, FAGAN,
THE FOX!

HI, KITTEN!
I JUST
DROPPED
IN TO SEE
YOUR ACT-
HEH-HEH, AND
PUT ON ONE
OF MY
OWN.

LIKE THIS-
AW-WK!

EEEK-!
JUMP.
LITTLE
BEAN
JUMP!

IT'S NO
USE, KITTEN.
YOU'RE
CORNERED!
WHERE
DID SHE
GO TO?

WHOOPS!
YOU MISSED
AGAIN...ME IS THE
LITTLE KITTEN
THAT ISN'T
THERE!

C'MERE,
KITTEN!
I DON'T
WANT TO
HURT YOU.
I JUST
WANT TO
PLAY.

OH, NO! YOU
PLAY TOO ROUGH-
HA-HA! YOU CAN'T
CATCH ME! ME'S
GOT A JUMPING
BEAN IN MY
TUMMY.

OOPS! OH, MY
GOODNESS!
THERE
GOES MY
JUMPING
BEAN!

OH, BOY-
WHAT A BREAK!
ALL RIGHT, CHUMP,
NOW WE'RE
GONNA PLAY
MY WAY!
GR-R!



HELP!
HELP!
YEOW-RR!

RUNNING AWAY
WON'T DO YOU ANY
GOOD... YOU'RE
PRACTICALLY
MY NEXT MEAL
RIGHT NOW!



ME HOPES THERE'S
ANOTHER HOLE
ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF
THIS
LOG!

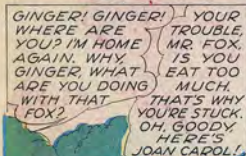
GR-R-R!!



NOW I'VE
GOT YOU—
HEY! I'M
STUCK!



BLAZES! I CAN'T BUDGE! WHEW! ME
KITTY, BE A NICE GIRL
AND HELP ME
GET OUT! I WAS
ONLY FOOLING
HONEST!



GINGER! GINGER! YOUR
WHERE ARE TROUBLE,
YOU? I'M HOME MR. FOX,
AGAIN. WHY IS YOU
GINGER, WHAT EAT TOO
ARE YOU DOING MUCH.
WITH THAT THAT'S WHY
FOX? YOU'RE STUCK.
OH, GOODY
HERE'S
JOAN CAROL!

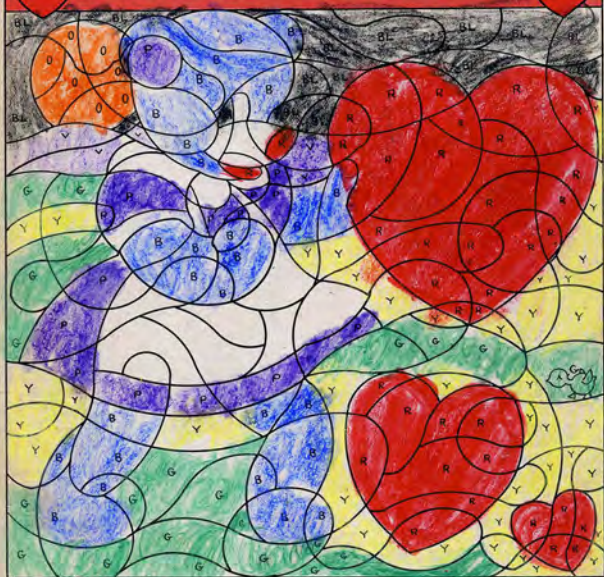


AND SO, LATER... PURR-R—
YES, MOTHER,
GINGER
CAPTURED THE
FOX ALL BY
HERSELF!
ISN'T SHE
WONDERFUL?



I SUPPOSE SHE IS, BUT
WHAT I WANT TO
KNOW IS WHO RIPPED
A HOLE IN THE SACK
OF JUMPING
BEANS.
ME THINKS
ME'S GOING
OUT TO
PLAY
AGAIN.

COLORGRAPH VALENTINE



See what a nice valentine you can make by coloring in all the above areas according to their letter indicators. Use crayons, or colored pencils. BL means Blue; G, Green; Y, Yellow; V, Violet; B, Brown; O, Orange; R, Red; P, Pink; BK, Black.

FILL IN THE MISSING COLOR RHYMES

The sun is low. The day is new;
The sky today, is palest
And someone's going to get, 'tis said,
A valentine, with hearts of

Who's that? I wonder, off to town;
The baby bear of darkest
The cutest one, the one I think,
Who always wears a dress of



ANIMAL ANTICS

